

You're My Best Friend

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Summary: How I thought the porch scene should have gone in the April 12th episode. Shortest I've ever published and completely stand alone from my other Stitchers fic I have in progress.

You're My Best Friend

\*\*So, I just watched the new episode and I wanted the scene on the porch between Kirsten and Cameron to go a little differently. Yes, the beginning is straight from the show (the dialogue, anyway) but the rest is what I wanted to happen. Probably my shortest published thing ever. Also, this does not go with my other Stitchers fic I am currently working on AT ALL! Completely stand alone with the 4/12/16 episode.\*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own Stitchers or any of its affiliates.  
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"Are you alright?" he asked.

"Cameron," she paused. "I don't think it's fair of me to make you wait."

"Are you saying there's no reason for me to wait?" He hoped for one answer in particular.

"No, I'm saying that," she paused again, "I don't want things to be awkward between us. And I want to protect our friendship."

"Is that what I am?" He stepped closer. She wasn't sure exactly what he was going to do but her heart sped up in her chest. "Your friend?" he asked with those pleading eyes of his.

"No," she replied. "You're my best friend." He looked down, avoiding eye contact and his hair brushed against her face. This was harder than she thought. Maybe she did have stronger feelings for him than

she realized.

Cameron leaned in to close the small space that was still between them.

Lifting his head ever-so-slightly, he pressed his lips to hers. He pulled his hand up and cradled her face as gently as if she were made of porcelain. The kiss lasted less than half a minute but it felt like a sweet eternity, to both of them.

After a moment, he pulled away as softly as he could so as not to ruin the memory.

"Best friend," he licked his lips and pulled up one corner of his mouth in his signature smirk. "I can live with that."

Still speechless, Kirsten could only look at him as he stepped away. "Um," she tried.

"I'll see you tomorrow," he said as he moved to take the first step off the porch, replaying the last two minutes in his head with the smile still on his face.

"Okay," she managed, just barely above a whisper. When she heard him slam his car door, she was brought from her thoughts and put her key in the door to go inside. Turning the knob, her mind was still reeling and she couldn't help but smile. Leaning against the door after closing it, she pressed her hand to her still tingling lips, the memory of his still fresh.

Best friends. She could live with that. For now, anyway.

\*\*See? I told you it was super short. Hopefully, not too terrible. I'm pretty sure I'm not the only one that was screaming "Kiss her!" in this scene. Anyways, I hope you enjoyed it and I'd love to hear from you!\*\*

End  
file.